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The COLLECTOR

A Current Record of Art, Bibliography, Antiquarianism, Etc.

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DRIFT ON THE TIDE

ONCE in a while some subscriber to this paper, who happens to receive a subscription blank inclosed in a copy of his journal, appears to view it in the light of a bill, and to consider that he is being dunned for a renewal of his subscription before this is due. In order to avoid writing explanations on this point, I would like to explain in print that at the commencement of a new volume I send out many sample copies of this paper, in which there are inserted blanks which intending new subscribers may fill out. These blanks go in all the papers, as it would largely add to my mailing expenses to separate the subscribers' from the sample copies. They are not in any sense bills, only conveniences for the use of persons to whose attention the paper may be introduced. Experience has proven that these blanks are of decided utility, as they save a subscriber the trouble of writing a note, and moreover, when properly filled out, afford a useful duplicate reference to the entries in the subscription and the mailing books. They are, in the other sense, a convenient business circular for this paper, and that is all.

Every subscription received at this office is entered—first, in the mailing book, with the name and address of the subscriber, and the volume and number of THE COLLECTOR at which his subscription commences. It is next entered in the subscription book, with the same data, and finally in the cash book. Thus the subscriber is protected by three records, each of which is a check upon the others. He must receive his paper until the expiration of his subscription, unless it is lost in the mails, for every wrapper is compared with the mailing list before the mail for each issue is made up. If a subscriber fails to receive any issue, he can have it free of charge by notifying this office on a postal card. If he finds a subscription blank in his paper he has only to throw it into the waste basket, or if he has the time and good nature to spare, pass it to some acquaintance who may find THE COLLECTOR worth reading. When his subscription expires, and he, not having already renewed it, receives a regular bill for a renewal of it, he may remit on that bill, and be credited accordingly. If he does not care to renew, he has no occasion to pay any attention to the bill. He may receive one or two more issues of the paper, to allow for possible tardiness on his part in attending to the matter. Then, he not qualifying for the next volume, is marked off the mailing list. He has nothing to pay for papers which he did not order, nor for those voluntarily sent him after the expiration of his subscription term, nor is any person to whom sample copies may be sent under any obligation of charge for the same. If this explanation is not explicit enough, I am afraid I shall have to leave its further elucidation to the Microscopical Society.

A very important and interesting event of the near future will be the exhibition of a collection of pictures, representative of the best modern art of Munich, which will be made in this city. The promoters of this venture are the great Munich house of Wimmer & Co., which is to Germany what that of Goupil was to France. From the magnificent collection of the house a selection has been made of fifty of the choicest works, largely by men who are known to American collectors only by fame. The object of the exhibition is less a commercial one than to show to the American public what the great art of Munich is in the hands of its greatest masters. Heretofore Munich art has had a pretty poor showing

with us. The major part of the pictures from that source which the dealers have brought us has been mere mercantile stuff, cleverly painted to sell, but without distinction or enduring merit. Few Americans who have not been abroad are acquainted with the immortal productions of Diez, Leibl, Menzel and their brethren, which rank with the very best art of modern Europe. The German and English collectors permit few of these to escape their clutches. What has hitherto come to us has been largely the product of the inferior school, whose members keep the pot boiling by tickling the taste of the uncultivated tourist abroad, and of the same class of our public which it reaches through the American dealers. The exhibition of Wimmer & Co. will surely create a sensation.

I have frequently noticed, in the course of examination of even the most complete text books, how meagrely they are supplied with information in regard to the art and artists of Mexico. There are probably not a dozen names chronicled in all the books together of the many men who had a share in first establishing art upon a footing of its own on the Western Continent, for it was in Mexico that the fine arts—and especially that of painting—dawned upon this part of the world. This deficiency in the records has been supplied at last by Dr. Robert H. Lamborn of Philadelphia, in a work entitled "Mexican Painting and Painters, in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries," of which a limited edition has been printed for the author, a minor part of which edition is published for him by Mr. J. W. Bouton. The work—which has received, and worthily, the highest commendation from such authorities as Dr. William C. Prime, Mr. Thomas A. Janvier, Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman, Don Matias Romero, the Mexican Minister to the United States, and the distinguished German Art-historian and Director-in-Chief of the Dresden Gallery, Karl Woermann—forms a volume in small quarto, printed on heavy paper, seven and three-quarter inches by ten inches, bound in white and gold, and with two phototype engravings of pictures by Mexican artists. Each copy is numbered, and the edition is limited to five hundred copies. Three hundred are reserved by the author; the remaining two hundred having been placed at the publisher's disposal. They will be sold at five dollars per copy.

The origin of this valuable work was to a certain extent accidental. During the years 1881 and 1883, Dr. Lamborn, being in Mexico, devoted a portion of his time to the collection of works by known and unknown colonial artists, picked up here and there, in convents, churches and from private hands. This collection is now deposited as a loan for public exhibition in Memorial Hall in Philadelphia, where it has attracted much attention. Incidentally to its formation, Dr. Lamborn naturally sought all the available information in regard to the painters represented in it, and exhumed from old records, local publications of the past, and such founts of fact and legend as are available only on the spot, the mass of matter which he has reduced to coherent form in his book. The book is divided into an introductory chapter; chapters on the inspirations and growth of native Mexican art; biographical and other information on the most distinguished colonial painters and their best-known pictures; a list of one hundred and twenty-one Mexican painters belonging to the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, with dates observed on their

pictures; and a catalogue of the Lamborn collection of seventy-seven paintings illustrating the Mexican branch of the Spanish school of art, now in Memorial Hall. To the writer on art the book is simply indispensable, and no library of reference can afford to be without it. Apart from its artistic interest, it is rich in curious historical nuggets, which the author renders in a style at once complete and lucid, which makes his pages delightful as well as interesting reading. Dr. Lamborn may congratulate himself that he has, in this labor of love, rendered the history of American art for the first time approximately complete.

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It has often struck me that it would be exceedingly interesting if some sort of catalogue could be compiled in which could be described the various curious and artistic works produced by industrial workmen in their hours of leisure. Long after these productions, made in the family circle after the labors of the day in workshop and factory, have passed from their makers' hands, they frequently become objects of rarity and price, as well as beauty. Of this character, for instance, is a collection of snakeskin canes, which I have just been looking at. They are the work of a skilled artisan of this city, John Eidman, a fine-wood turner by trade, who takes advantage of a holiday and scours Long Island for reptiles of various breeds, strips off the skin, stretches it upon a stick, and, by peculiar methods of his own, tans and dresses it, and brings out a wealth of color and beauty of marking quite unknown to the ordinary observer of the ophidian race. The common blacksnake, for instance, treated in this way, shows upon its scales browns, blacks, grays and cream colors, so beautifully blended and charming in design that mere words could convey no adequate description of the effect they produce. Garter snakes are especially beautiful when put through Mr. Eidman's process. They turn out in the ripest tones of blue, green, yellow and black, and attain a marvelous lustre. The milk snake is another marvel in its way under his hands. It has peculiarities of form of its own, its taper being very graceful, while the figuring or marking of its hide is very irregular and its color of a curious iridescence, in which cream white and jet black form the major part. When one first sees a snake cane it looks more like the fanciful work of some mysterious Oriental lacquer artist. There is really nothing snakish about it. It is truly beautiful, and only a mechanic-naturalist of the most original talent and true taste could have invented anything so odd and useful. I can confidently predict that any collector who may be so fortunate as to become possessed of one of Mr. Eidman's snake sticks will not lightly part with it.

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The sale of the pictures, studies, sketches, etc., forming the artistic estate of the late J. B. Jongkind, is to occur at the Hotel Drouot on December 7th and 8th. There are some 200 numbers in the catalogue, and the contest over them will undoubtedly be lively.

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It is so easy to make what passes in a newspaper for fun of an exhibition at the National Academy of Design, that the public who rely on the critics for their opinions are always in danger of being led astray by what they read of these displays. Just now the annual Autumn Exhibition is receiving less justice than it merits. This is the tenth of the series, and in spite of the daily press it is by far the best. It is true that what are called "important works" are conspicuously absent from it, but reasonable people do not expect "important" works at this time of year. These fall exhibitions were established with a view to providing our painters with a means for bringing their summer work before the public while it was yet fresh. They were intended to do exactly what they have done, and year by year the pictures they have shown have exhibited an advancing merit of technique and a wider variety of interest. Each successive exhibition has shown that native art was growing both in the numbers of its votaries and in their ability, and any man with a set of catalogues for comparison and a memory to assist him cannot but acknowledge this fact. There are upwards of 500 works in the present exhibition, and among them are a great many of distinct merit, and a number of real brilliancy and force. The galleries have been tastefully freshened up with paint and draperies, and the pictures have been hung with excellent discretion. What is equally to the collector's purpose, the prices in the catalogue are within reasonable bounds. The craze for big figures which raged among our painters a few years ago, and led to the baneful system of cutting prices and bargaining on terms, seems to have died out. The sales desk is, as usual, in charge of Mr. George H. Galt.

One triple-distilled ass who "criticises" in a daily paper bewails the fact that this exhibition does not display the standard of symmetrical quality of the Thomas B. Clarke collection at the Pennsylvania Academy. It would be funny if it did. Mr. Clarke's collection is the refined and perfected result of years of collectorship, during which careful selection, and the replacing of inferior by better examples of the artists represented in it, has steadily elevated the grade of the whole gathering. In the Clarke collection are some of the very best works of our best men, who do not exhibit at the Academy at all. For a collection of four hundred and fifty canvases, by painters young and old, experienced and still experimental, that at the Academy can endure honest and intelligent criticism. Moreover, many excellent works in it are not presented as the highest flights of the painters, but merely as what they esteem the most interesting expressions of their art under the circumstances. Mr. Clarke's pictures, on the other hand, were mainly selected with a view to securing the artists in their highest examples of technical skill and personal feeling. A private collector can exercise a freedom of discrimination denied a public exhibition. He can pick and choose, and is at liberty to reject works, in themselves not unworthy, which may not quite touch the level set by him or may be out of keeping with those he already owns. The jury at a public exhibition must judge each work according to its own merit and irrespective of the others. The moment it reaches a respectable standard it becomes eligible for admission. Thus, while a private collector may make up a gallery of masterpieces only, the public institution has to run the gamut, from works of painters who know how to paint and have a talent for it but do not yet make masterpieces, up to those whose brilliancy and power of matured art set them incontestably in the van. It is for this purpose that public exhibitions are created, and by this means that individual worthiness is encouraged and the general cause of art advanced.

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There is another illusion fostered from year to year by the local press. This is that the preponderance of a low order of art at the Academy during the Spring Exhibition, which is supposed to be the crack art show of the season, is unique with it. To credit these cognoscenti, one never sees anything but good art in the European exhibitions. Who has ever visited the Salon, the Royal Academy, the Grosvenor or the Water Color exhibitions in London, or the annual exhibitions at Munich or Berlin, and, if he was not sand blind, failed to notice the cartloads of rubbish that find admission there? Moreover, where our Academy exhibitions will show out of six or seven hundred works perhaps a hundred absolutely worthless, among the two thousand at one of the great European exhibitions there will be only a few hundred that conform to a respectable standard of merit. The rest will run the line from mediocrity to utter incompetency. Taking it altogether, the average or irredeemably bad work at the Academy is not by any means hopelessly vast, even if the good work does not quite soar to the altitudinous technical standard of a Salon or a Royal Academy on a prize year.

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One of the most indefatigably original and inventive men I have ever met is Colonel J. Armoy Knox, who for a number of years made *Texas Siftings* one of the famous comic papers of the world. From an obscure Texan town he dragged forth this novel and merry sheet into a notoriety and popularity that became international. He disposed of his interest in the paper some time ago, I believe. At any rate, he is now devoting himself to a vocation so new in conception and wide in scope that in our utilitarian time it carries the certainty of success with it from the start.

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He calls it The Universal Knowledge and Information Bureau, and from its office in The World Building in this city he proposes to enlighten anyone under the sun upon any possible point they may require enlightenment upon. In a general way, it is a colossal Answers to Correspondents column, through which reliable information can be quickly obtained, by all classes of inquirers, on subjects of all kinds and regarding matters of every description. It is conducted by a large staff of specialists and experts—men of standing and of wide experience in the several branches of which they profess to have special knowledge. Questions of every kind, from the most simple to the most recondite, are answered, in every department of knowledge, such as law, literature, business, art, science, medicine, mechanics, etc. The Bureau has the use of all the great libraries of New York—Astor, Mercantile, Lenox, Law, etc.; and also of a number of private libraries devoted to special subjects. Therefore, any knowledge

that can be obtained from books is at its command. The use of trained searchers, employed by the Bureau, enables it to undertake the most complete and laborious investigations. It engages, through its army of correspondents everywhere, to obtain information regarding matters local to any place in the United States or abroad, and will even, on behalf of its clients, interview any person who can be reached anywhere, on any legitimate subject. Our collectors should have manifold uses for such an institution, and will do well to address the Bureau for a detailed prospectus.

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From all that I hear, the firm of Reichard & Co. is likely to disappear from the picture trade, at least under its present style and at its present location. Since the death of Mr. Hodges it has been pretty generally understood that Mr. Reichard has been desirous of settling up the business and relieving himself of its responsibilities, even if he does not entirely abandon dealing in pictures on his own account. The establishment has created for itself an enviable reputation in the art trade, and its absence will be noted even with the present abundance of art stores along Fifth avenue. The store is admirably located, and the gallery is one of the best of its kind, so the locale is certain not to go begging for a lessee. What will become of the stock is a question. To sell it by auction would be a perilous venture, yet it is scarcely likely that any dealer would take it over in bulk, along with the lease of the galleries. If it should be sold under the hammer, our collectors would have a chance to bid for a good many gems as well as on an average of pictures of a high class.

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Mr. Walter Crane gives an interesting autobiographical glimpse of his artistic career and labors in the introductory notes which he provides for the catalogue of the exhibition of his designs now being made by the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. The catalogue itself carries 153 numbers, among which are to be found every variety of design in which the fanciful invention of this thoroughly original artist has been employed. Here are the original drawings and sketches for invitation cards for fancy balls and great private entertainments, for book and periodical covers, silver and goldsmiths' work, decorative paintings, wall paper, exhibition posters, municipal seals, head-pieces, tail-pieces, and other book illustrations; in short, a little of everything that the busy hand has produced during its industrious and useful life. Mr. Crane's remarks upon the progress of his own art life have been criticised as being egotistical. In fact, however, they are an invaluable series of personal notes, having, as they do, an important bearing on the advancement of artistic book illustration and decorative designing in England during the time with which he has been identified with it. In view of the fact that the collection of works illustrated by Mr. Crane is now pursued by many lovers of unique modern bookmaking, and as the dates he gives and the indications he furnishes in his catalogue are of practical value for the identification of first editions, etc., I would advise readers of THE COLLECTOR to procure and preserve a copy of the catalogue in present consideration, and which is, by the way, charmingly illustrated with various periods of the artist's work. They may do so by addressing the Museum of Art.

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Frequenters of our book auctions will miss the tall, spare figure and bushy gray hair of Mr. Gordon L. Ford, who died in Brooklyn on November 14th. Mr. Ford was one of the few American bibliophiles who realized one's idea of such a character. He left little of his collecting to be done by agents. When there was anything to be bought, he bought it himself, if he could possibly get there. He knew what he was buying, too, and was a sharp bidder at the sales and a shrewd bargainer in the book shops. He was a born collector. He commenced to gather autographs when, an eleven-year old boy, he came down from Lebanon, Conn., to work in the store of his uncle, Gordon W. Burnham. As bookkeeper, lawyer, railroad man, newspaper publisher and real estate speculator, he never ceased to be a collector. Beginning with autograph letters in his boyhood, he went in, as his means increased, for rare books and prints, especially such as had a bearing on American history. In his later years he concentrated his energies on his collection of Americana, which is certainly the finest in the United States, and, in many senses, in consequence of the original material it contains, in the world. His library at the back of his old-fashioned house in Clark street, Brooklyn, is one of the most spacious apartments devoted to such a purpose in the country: 50,000 books and pamphlets are estimated to load its shelves. His collection of autographs is valued at \$100,000, and he owned some pictures of great historic value. Although he was a busi-

ness man of such activity and shrewdness that he died a millionaire, one might say still that the best part of his life was spent in his library. He made it a point to read and study all that he acquired, and one result of this was the publication, under the editorship of his son, Paul Leicester Ford, of quite a number of important historical monographs, which shed a great deal of new light on American history, the material for which he derived from the inexhaustible mine of his collections.

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It would be interesting to know what is to become of Mr. Ford's magnificent collection. Its sale by auction would be one of the most notable events in our history, but it would be a pity if the collection should be thus broken up. Its founder for a long time cherished a plan to establish it as a library for the public benefit in Brooklyn. How far he carried this idea I know not. I believe there was some difficulty with regard to his securing the old Art Association Building, which he desired to house his collection in. If his family—to whom he has certainly left money enough to render the sale of his treasures unnecessary—should consent to this disposition of them, the city of Brooklyn will have occasion to be ashamed of itself if it does not provide a proper building to receive so noble a donation.

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A collector of a different kind to Mr. Ford, and one not so widely known personally, died at Rye the following night. This was Dr. John Clarkson Jay, more famous as a conchologist than a physician, although he was one of the leading practitioners of his time. Dr. Jay was a lineal descendant of John Jay, of glorious memory, and a son-in-law of the great old-time New York banker, Nathaniel Prime, whose daughter Laura he married. Indeed, I believe he was a banker himself for a little while, but latterly his time was taken up with his collections, with which he surrounded himself at his fine old manorial estate up the Sound. People who want to learn what sort of a collector Dr. Jay was can do so by visiting our Museum of Natural History. There they may see the great Jay Collection, which was presented by Miss Catherine L. Wolfe, who purchased it and donated it to the Museum as a memorial of her father. The memorial consists of an uncommonly complete collection of shells, with the catalogues prepared by the Doctor, and his unique library bearing on the subject, and is a noble monument to its creator, as well as to the generosity of its donor and her filial pride and affection.

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The New York Academy of Medicine has received a valuable bequest in the shape of Dr. Fordyce Barker's medical library. The late Dr. Barker was one of the founders of the Academy, and for many years before his death worked to establish on a firm footing an Academy of Medicine which would rank with the best of its kind abroad. Dr. Barker was President of the Academy for many years, and when he died he bequeathed his library to the object of his generous zeal. The Fordyce Barker collection embraces some rare and highly interesting works on medicine, many of which are out of print. Portfolios of exceedingly valuable plates, lithographed and in crayons, on gynecological subjects, form an interesting part of the library, which is unusually rich in full sets of serial publications, many of which have been out of print for a number of years. There are about 600 monographs and pamphlets on medical subjects, most of which bear the autograph signatures of the authors, and cover not only the entire field of medicine and surgery, but also science in all its branches. Among the rare works long since out of print are: "Childbirth," James Gillemeau, London, 1612; "Birth of Mankind," London, 1634; "L'Idée et le Triomphe de la Vrai Medecine," M. Callot, Paris, 1742; "Essay on Improvement of Midwifery," London, 1733; "La Manière de Nourir les Enfants a la Mammelle," Scevale de Sainte Marthe, Paris, 1698; "Manual of Practical Midwifery," James Reid, London, 1836. The library is now being inventoried by the librarian of the Academy, John S. Browne, and his assistants.

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In view of the fact that our Government, in its paternal zeal to advance our intellectual and æsthetical welfare, makes us pay through the nose for the privilege of importing into this country additions to our collections which we cannot procure at home, one would think that it would, at least, provide for our safe reception of the things on which it levies a tax. As it is, however, the New York Custom House seems constituted, or at least placed under orders, to do as much damage as possible to the objects which collectors have the impertinence to purchase abroad. The reckless brutality with which these official vandals treat even the

rarest and most precious objects which pass through their hands is simply monstrous. Not content with examining, they make it a species of duty to damage things, apparently for the purpose of setting an unmistakable Custom House seal on them. Pictures are handled like sheet iron fireboards. The most fragile bric-à-brac is unpacked with a broad axe, examined with a sledge-hammer, and shoveled back into its cases again like so much garbage. When it comes to books, the collector is lucky who gets them through without some enduring injury being inflicted on them. I have seen valuable first editions, whose integrity constituted a large part of their value, with the pages spoiled by having been cut with sharp knives, with the bindings defaced, and the text on several occasions actually mutilated by the pencil or pen of some petty scoundrel in office. In ripping open book packages, the knife often leaves its mark on a masterpiece of binding. Very recently, for instance, a "Poor Richard Almanac"—a treasure which any book collector can appreciate, and which had been bound by Ruban—was sent from Paris inclosed in a tin case. The Custom House knife did for the binding, though fortunately it did not butcher the text, and the book had to be sent back to be rebound. Of course, there is no redress for this sort of thing. The Custom House doesn't do business that way.

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Public attention has been directed to the large and valuable entomological collection formed by the late Henry Edwards, the actor, and to the importance of retaining it in this city for some museum or other institution. It is now stored in Mr. Edwards's late home, No. 185 East One Hundred and Sixteenth street. The collection, in forming which he spent much money and all his leisure time for some thirty years, consists of about 300,000 specimens of all orders of insects, from all parts of the world. About 40,000 different kinds are represented, the butterflies, moths and beetles forming the bulk of the specimens. An adjunct to the collection is an extensive entomological library. It has been suggested that some wealthy citizen of New York should buy the collection and present it to the Museum of Natural History. It would be a most valuable addition.

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Mr. William T. Evans, whose collection of pictures by American artists is one of the finest in the country, and whose patronage has given substantial encouragement to more than one struggling talent, has presented to the Colonial Club, of which he is one of the founders, the painting by C. Y. Turner called "The Village Belles," which is one of several which Mr. Evans acquired at the sale of that artist's works at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries last season.

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The rooms of the American Numismatic and Archeological Society at 101 East Twentieth street, this city, have even in this early stage of the season become the scenes of some exceptionally delightful assemblages. The rooms themselves are invitingly attractive. There is always something interesting to see in them, and there are always some interesting people to meet there. At the meetings when papers are read or exhibitions made, the hospitality of the society extends to the friends of members irrespective of sex, so that the gatherings are certain to be varied in their personnel, while among the guests men and women of note are equally sure to figure. At the meeting on Thursday, November 19th, Mr. Charles Pryer read a fluent and sparkling paper entitled "Jottings from My Note Book," being an original sketch of the history, both authentic and probable, of a number of old medals and other relics—including a watch which was brought to this country in the seventeenth century by one of the Huguenot settlers,—which were exhibited. The gentlemen of the room committee, Messrs. Bauman L. Belden, Charles H. Wright and Herbert Valentine, request that members willing to read papers, or to contribute to the interest of these Thursday evening meetings by exhibiting coins or medals, communicate with the Committee.

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Apropos of Numismatics, the first sale of the current season took place at Bangs & Co.'s on October 15. The catalogue was prepared by Mr. Geo. W. Massamore, of Baltimore, and comprised the usual American and foreign coins. A few fine cents sold at exceptionally good prices. The second sale, conducted by Prof. Ed. Frossard, was held at the Leavitt Art Rooms, corner Broadway and Tenth street. American and foreign coins, medals and also numismatic literature were offered and brought excellent prices. A series of genuine Egyptian scarabaei of early period and carefully described by Prof. Lansing, the erudite Egyptologist, sold at rather low figures. In a sale which took place at Philadel-

phia on the 27th and 28th of October, there were offered a few very fine ancient Roman coins in gold, also an extremely full and fine set of American dollars from the first year of issue, 1794, to the present time. Good prices were realized for many of the rarities.

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Professor Ed. Frossard's "Numisma," containing a long, detailed and accurate description of a collection of over 1,500 ancient Greek and Roman coins in gold, silver and bronze, offered for sale at marked figures, has made its appearance. Copies will be sent free of charge to anyone interested in the subject, who may apply to Professor Frossard.

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Mr. Robert B. Nordblom, who has had many years' experience in arranging libraries, announces to owners of private libraries that he is prepared to arrange, classify and catalogue such libraries at reasonable charges. Handsome blank books, indexed throughout, with printed headings for title, author, publisher and number, expressly manufactured for library catalogues, patent pamphlet boxes, book supporters, library numbers and letters will be supplied by him if desired. Mr. Nordblom, who may be addressed at 414 East Seventh-ninth street, this city, refers by permission to Professor Rossiter Johnson, No. 140 East Sixteenth street and to Dr. I. Wyman Drummond, No. 436 West Twenty-second street.

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The New York Historical Society has at last taken steps in a matter which it has had under discussion for about twenty-five years. But historical societies never do anything in a hurry. Now fifteen gentlemen have been appointed to devise means for the erection of a new building to contain the books, manuscripts, paintings and antiquities which are inadequately housed on Second avenue. The site, already purchased on the west side of Central Park—although it is not large enough to admit of extensions to the new building as they shall become needful some years hence—is in other respects an admirable one. The New York Historical Society has avoided all entanglements with State and City by refusing to accept financial aid; for that reason alone, if for no other, it might be cited as an organization thoroughly and properly civic and democratic. So far as it goes it is the creation of private citizens, who have not begged from town, county or State. But its library, pictures and collections of antiques have outgrown the capacity of the old alcoves and wall-space on Second avenue, and it is even behind its much younger brother in Brooklyn, which has a larger, better-arranged and more comfortable home. Without question the Committee of Fifteen can obtain the money needed for a building proper for the collections and archives of the society, and one in which these objects are positively safe from fire, which at present it is to be feared they are not. In the new building the committee will have to consult the latest conclusions with regard to the management of books, pictures and antiquities. The main point is to separate the books, pictures and other objects into classes by order of popularity, so to speak, having in certain easily-accessible rooms those which ordinary visitors are likely to wish to examine, and relegating to other galleries and cabinets those that can only interest students. By planning the new building on some such principle it is possible for the Historical Society to give great satisfaction for many years on the area which it has purchased, before it will be necessary to seek more elbow room or a new site.

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A collection of wines is not as permanent as one of books or pictures, but there are few people above the order of ascetics or cold-water cranks to whom such a collection is without interest. That of the Union Club of this city has been catalogued in a pamphlet of twelve large pages, containing the names of perhaps 300 kinds of wines, brandies, whiskeys, liqueurs, beers, ales and non-alcoholic drinks. Of wines alone there are about 190 brands. The list gives the names of the growers of the wines and also of the firms from which they and the other alcoholic drinks were bought. A member who fancies a particular vintage can thus order it for his home supply without bothering the steward or superintendent to learn what merchant has the wine in stock. To be a purveyor to the cellar of the Union Club is therefore a capital advertisement for an importer. A visit of inspection to the cellar is a treat which would cause even an uncompromising prohibitionist to relax his bitterness for the time. A New England housewife who had no knowledge of the *ars bibendi* would declare that the racks and bottles were shamefully dirty from dust and cobwebs, while your average old clubman would gaze upon the black accumulations with an admiration approaching reverence. It is estimated that \$25,000 would hardly replace the contents of the vault should the bottles and barrels be shattered by a dynamite explosion.

The cellar has received the appreciative care of the House Committee for a long time, but great improvement in both the quality and quantity of the stock dates back about ten years, when H. W. T. Mali became a member of that important body. Mr. Mali is a rare judge of wines, and his private stock ranks with the best in the city. His earnest endeavors were directed toward building up a fine cellar for the Union Club, and his catalogue shows how well he has succeeded.

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Perhaps the oldest liquid in the vault is the Savillac brandy of 1803. Among the whiskeys are Golden Rod, unblended, 1874; Eichelberger rye, 1860; Welty Old Reserve rye, 1856; V. O. P. Irish Malt; and Belverness, Lawson, Glenliva Special Reserve and King William Scotch. Admiral Jamaica, Medford, 1870; Grenada, 1847, and Antigua, 1847, are the choicest rums. Of Amontillado sherry there is a supply imported by the Swiftsure in 1842, and another lot of the vintage of 1848. Other old sherries are Romano Cabinet, 1842; Solera, 1820; Old Dry, imported by the Warsaw in 1840, and Macharundo Alto, 1857. Quinta da Roeda, very old, is the chief gem among the port wines, Croft's bottled 1879, Sandeman's and Taylor's, 1854, being lesser lights. N. Gordon, 1834, is the oldest of the madeiras, but that imported by the Hellespont in 1838 and the Sercial, imported by the Sappho in 1848, would cast no discredit on the host who had it served at dinner. There are seventeen Rhine or Moselle wines from the Johannisberger-Cabinet of 1868 through such treasures for the gourmet as Liebfraumilch, 1875; Rudesheimer Berg, 1868; Rauenthaler Berg, 1874, and Steinberger Cabinet, 1868, down to the later Niersteiner and Deidesheimer. Of the champagnes, there are twenty-six kinds from which to choose. Among the clarets, most of them being of chateau bottling, are the Chateau Citran, 1881; Chateau Dupre, 1877; Chateau Latour, 1868; Chateau Mouton Rothschild, 1868; Chateau Margaux, 1870; Chateau Latour, 1870; Chateau Haut Brion, 1874; Chateau Braune Cantenac, 1875; Chateau Leoville Lascazas, 1878; and Chateau Lafitte, 1878. Chateau La Faurie, 1864; Chateau de Payne Vigneau, 1874; Chateau Vigneau, 1869; and Chateau d'Yquem, 1874, are among the choicest treasures in the racks set apart for sauternes. Among the burgundies are Pommard Boucherottes, 1878; Chambertin, 1870; Chambertin, Clos de Beze, 1865; Clos de Vougeot, 1878; Clos Vougeot, 1870; Musigny, 1869 and 1870; Romanee Conti, 1874; Clos de Tart, 1869; and Richelbourg, 1865. The white burgundies include Clos de Vougeot, 1878 and 1881; Hermitage, 1870; Chablis-Montonue, 1870; Montrachet, Mousseux, Extra Dry, and Montrachet, 1846 and 1865.

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Some years since, Mr. Frederick Crowninshield, a Boston artist of great ability who had graduated from the Paris art schools, and devoted himself largely to works of a decorative character, made an exhibition in this city which attracted a marked degree of attention. I believe Mr. Crowninshield located himself here in a studio which he occupied for several years. At any rate, some of the finest decorative work which has been applied to the embellishment of our great houses proceeded from his brush. In the field of ecclesiastical decoration, he also made a noteworthy mark. Mr. Crowninshield is a man of a fine instinctive feeling for decorative composition, and of marked individuality of intellect. The impress of his personality is fixed upon all which he produces. He has not yielded to any of the crazy fads of modern decoration, but in all the course of his productiveness, has been an artist working for the best interests of his art, and not for the purpose of making a sensation. He is a fine draughtsman, and a strong colorist, painting either in oil, in water-colors, distemper, or a wax medium of his own creation, with equal fluency and force. Some of his stained glass work is unique in splendor and style. At a period when those who were regarded as our foremost decorative artists were surrendering themselves to the false and ephemeral policy of tickling public ignorance instead of educating the public intelligence, he maintained a position of artistic dignity and honesty alike honorable to himself and valuable to the cause of his art.

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Since the time at which I made Mr. Crowninshield's acquaintance through his art, he has again been abroad. The fruit of his latest labors is to be seen at Mr. Avery's galleries in an exhibition of water colors and oil paintings, some sixty in number, in which his distinctive and powerful hand shows that it has gained both in individuality and power by experience. The pictures will be a revelation to our amateurs, not only as exhibiting the marked advance of the artist but from the fact that few, if any, have been seen outside his studio. Moreover, the exhibition will serve the

purpose of informing a great many people, who have been wondering what has become of Mr. Crowninshield since he disappeared from New York, where he has been, and what he has been doing. It is one of the pleasant features of an artist's work that it is, in effect, a diary of his daily life. So in Mr. Crowninshield's present exhibition at the Avery Galleries we may read that he has been in Italy, and for the larger part of his time in and around the Villa Torlonia at Frascati. Here among the oleanders and the pomegranates, the ilexes and the cedars as old as the empire of the Cæsars, the orange groves and the aisles of whispering myrtles, made eloquent by memories of a storied past, when Italy still formed the pivot of the civilized world, the heart of this American artist, bred and fostered under Parisian influences, has found new inspiration. These pictures include studies of flowers, sketches of landscape and of ruins, immortal in history, bits of village and of country, and figures full of the character of the scene. Just as his previous exhibition showed Mr. Crowninshield to be a man of distinctive and original powers, the present one reveals him in the light of an artist who does not halt by the way. Among the many interesting exhibitions, which Mr. Avery has given us in his charming galleries this will be recalled in time to come as one of the most interesting.

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I have received from Mr. Ludovic Baschet through Mr. J. W. Bouton, who is his American agent, a copy of the twelfth issue of his magnificent annual chronicle of the Salon exhibition. The "Salon for 1891" displays the same perfection in the selection of the subjects of illustration as its predecessors, with a marked improvement in the mechanical processes of reproduction and a decided advance in literary character. It acquires an interest independent from that of record through the introduction of a number of portraits of the great French artists in their studios. One plate, after Leon Perrault, is printed in colors so exquisitely that it is worthy of a frame on any wall. Not only is the subject a charming one, since it shows us Cupid on a bed of flowers awakened by the carol of a bird, but the wonderful precision and delicacy of tint which characterize its printing are remarkable in themselves. There is no room left for the old-fashioned chromo, with such a process as this to enter into competition with it.

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Apropos of chromos, I understand that Mr. Louis Prang, the founder and fountain-head of this reproductive art on the Western Continent, is going to sell the collection of pictures and sketches which he has accumulated in the way of trade. There must be some famous things among them, in the sense of popularity at least, and the sale will be certain to attract a great amount of attention.

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Precious books are as poor stock for a thief to steal for sale as famous pictures. Both are too readily to be traced if they are offered in the market. Last month a young cockney offered a little bundle of old books to Mr. William E. Benjamin. Mr. Benjamin was busy and gave the books only a hasty examination. He bought one—a copy in red morocco of Heywood's "Thyestes" of Seneca, 1560. Three days later another young cockney brought in a bundle of books. Among them was a copy of the 1640 edition of Shakespeare's poems. Mr. Benjamin was away at the time, but his clerk got the Englishman to leave the latter volume until the next day. There are only seven or eight copies of the book in this country. The Englishman offered to sell it for \$100, which is less than one-third its value. When Mr. Benjamin saw it and heard the price he suspected that the book had been stolen, and when the Englishman came in again he questioned him closely, and kept him waiting three hours while clerks were scouring the town to find out if the book had been stolen here. But they could discover nothing. Then Mr. Benjamin concluded to buy the book in order to rescue it for its owner. On November 23, the European post brought to booksellers in this city a postal card from Henry Sotheran & Co., London, advertising for the following stolen books:

Burns's Poems, first edition, 8vo, bound by Riviere in maroon morocco, Kilmarnock, 1786.

Shakespeare's Poems, with portrait by Marshall, and the eleven extra leaves at the end, 12 mo, bound by W. Pratt in red morocco, London, 1640.

Heywood (Jasper), "Thyestes" of Seneca, black letter, 8vo, bound in morocco, London, 1560.

Piers Plowman's "Vision" and "Crede," black letter, 4to, bound in calf, London, 1561.

Henry Sotheran & Co. have got back their Shakespeare and Heywood at least, but the recovery cost them £23, which Mr. Benjamin gave the thieves for them, and the expense of several cable dispatches.

Among the artistic revivals which have received the stamp of fashionable approbation is that of portrait-painting in miniature. From collecting old miniatures, which has long been an amiable hobby of English collectors, to the rehabilitation of the art in modern hands, was an easy step. As far back as the Bartholdi Exhibition we had an opportunity to inspect the famous Joseph collection of antique miniatures, which has since been dispersed. Later several painters came over to us and executed a number of commissions. Now, at the Bousod-Valadon Galleries, is to be seen a collection of miniature portraits, painted by Mr. Charles Turrell, whose subjects include the Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria of Wales, the Duchess of Fife, Princess Maud of Wales; the Duchesses of Portland, Leinster, and Manchester; the Marchioness of Ripon and the Marchioness of Bute; the Countesses of Cottenham, Clarendon, Rosebery, Dudley, Granville, and Ilchester; the Viscountesses Falmouth, Auckland, Ribblesdale, Agnes Tollemache Scott, Brougham, Brooke, Welseley, Mary Grosvenor, Sybil Primrose, Margaret Primrose, Dalmeny, Huntingtower, Otterme, Cavendish Bentinck, Dallas, Mary Pepys, Grant-Duff, Charles Mordaunt, Mordaunt, Lillian Wemyss, Abercromby, and Affleck. Among American ladies who are represented in this distinguished company are Mrs. C. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Percy Pyne, Mrs. F. L. Ames, Miss Ames, Mrs. Warren, Mrs. J. Thayer, Mrs. H. G. Marquand, Mrs. T. Barber, Mrs. Hooper, Miss Nellie Cochrane, Mrs. N. Thayer, and many others, with several gentlemen, of whom may be specified Mr. J. Thayer, Mr. N. Thayer and Mr. Heathcote Amory.

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I hear weird tales of war and rumors of war in the Union League Club over the question of the Club Portrait Gallery, which has been so industriously promoted at the expense of the club exchequer for some time past. The pro-portrait and the anti-portrait men constitute opposing factions, and it is probable that the augmentation of the Union League Pantheon will cease, for a period at least. Sooth to say, the club can afford to restrain its ardor in the pictorial glorification of its members, past and present. It is better to have but a few powerful portraits, painted from life, than a houseful of canvases worked up from photographic originals, no matter how dexterous their execution may be. The one great value of a painted portrait is that it is superior to the mere likeness produced by mechanical means—that the artist translates the man who sits before him into it, as well as fixes the mere outlines of his lineaments and form. This is a quality that a good many of the club portraits conspicuously lack. It might be excusable, as in the case of many of the Chamber of Commerce portraits, for instance, which had to be painted after the originals were dead. But it is only excusable under such circumstances, and I do not much blame the malcontents of the Union League for their stand in the matter. As for the assertion of several of my subscribers in the club, that the award of commissions by the Portrait Committee has been governed by personal favor rather than the interests of the club, and that commissions may even have been created to advantage special individuals, it seems to me that such a point could be readiest settled within the club itself.

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Speaking of portraits, there was shown at the National Academy of Design a couple of years ago a very curious and remarkable canvas, by Mr. Oliver J. Lay, called "The Last Days of Aaron Burr." It was a sort of historical picture in its way, and showed that the artist had made a close and thoroughly intelligent study of his subject. Harper & Bros. announce that an engraving of this canvas will appear in the issue of their magazine for January, in connection with an article on Burr by Mr. Drysdale.

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I am such an old prowler of this town that I am apt to fall into what my distinguished readers may consider low company once in a while. But I must confess to the weakness for wandering into odd places and liking the odd people whom I meet by the way. So it was that I came into Tony Burke's old tavern, over in Henry street, the other day. Tony is dead and buried, save his soul. His collection of firemen's relics remains, and I think it is the most complete in existence. The owner of the hostelry was an old volunteer fireman. When he was buried, a couple of weeks ago, all the exempt firemen, the volunteer firemen, a host of Grand Army veterans, and the surviving members of the never-to-be-forgotten Big Six, of which Tony was the last foreman, turned out. The fire-laddie funeral stopped the Grand street horse cars, the drivers being unwilling to break in upon the procession. This is pretty low life, perhaps, my masters, but lo ye! in my lifetime, I have known worse friends and meaner men than these gentry of the fire-hose and the ale-tap.

The old Burke tavern is at 246 Henry street, on the corner of Montgomery, in a part of the Seventh ward that is still tony, and whose residents are proud of its old-time social glory and bound to preserve its caste. Tony Burke had a fondness for collecting souvenirs of what he was fond of calling the good old days, and he made the tavern a perfect museum of relics. He had the finest private collection of relics of the old Fire Department possessed by any one. The treasures crowded his own parlors and filled up all the nooks and corners of his tavern not taken up with relics of the war and extraordinary odds and ends of miscellaneous character. The fire relics are numbered by the hundreds. From the ceiling dangle fire hats that are the queerest looking things imaginable. Some of them are over 100 years old. They go back beyond the time of the Knickerbocker Company. Fire trumpets are hung along the old-fashioned bar, and above it rests the stand of arms of the volunteer department. Gold and silver fire badges and the fronts of caps hang upon the opposite wall, in a great glass case framed in gold. This collection alone is valued at \$500. About the frame are grouped the old-time printed programmes of the fire parades, which were events of wide popular interest back in the fifties. They preserve the names of many brave and famous fire laddies. Harry Howard was a lively young buck, and a great favorite in those days, and his is the star name on these programmes. In a little frame behind the bar is a certificate begrimed with age appointing one William Warren a city fireman in 1787. It is believed to be one of the oldest of Gotham's fire relics. Leather fire buckets dating back to the primitive days of fire fighting are hung from the ceiling over the bar. Reminders of the palmy days of Big Six are plentiful. The most noticeable is the great stuffed tiger that was one of the treasured possessions of the organization in Tweed's day. By yanking at a concealed string Tony could make the tiger roar in a most natural way, and the tiger was accustomed to roar with a will when the survivors of Big Six gathered about the bar to talk over old times. Pictures of Tweed and other notables of three or four decades ago adorn the walls. Among them are scattered old prints of fire parades and a photograph of Big Six itself. Its battered but beloved lamps are stuck upon the partition opposite the bar. With Tweed's foreman's trumpet they are about all that is left of the noted machine. Over the rows of spirit casks against the east wall hangs a huge golden frame containing the photographs of all the members who "ran wid de old machine" in the last year of its usefulness as a fire fighter. Tony Burke's kindly face is there in a place of honor.

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Tony Burke, as I remember him, in his last days, was fond of standing at the door of the tavern and looking up the street to the site of the old engine house. Two huge cats used to sit at Tony's feet as he stood in the doorway. They survive him. One is jet black. The other has a coat as white as snow. The god of cat-hood sain you, and save you from the street boys, gentle companions of mine old host of the Firemen's Arms!

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An inspection of Charles Koepping's plate after the Frans Hals of the Haarlem Museum collection. "The Archers of St. George," quite justifies Mr. Sedelmeyer's advance promises for this masterwork. It sets the etcher in the position of disputing with Charles Waltner for the place of the greatest reproductive etcher of our time. Certainly, even the famous "Night-Watch" of Waltner brought its original no closer to us than does this triumphant exploit of Koepping's needle. But leaving comparisons aside, let the work be judged for itself.

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The subject is the termination of one of those periodical symposia at which the trade-guilds of the Low Countries, powerful in wealth of gold and of fearless spirit, often settled the great political questions of the day. The Guild of St. George was both wealthy and warlike, as befitted the name it bore, and the eleven figures in the picture by Hals typify no doubt what was the finest blood of Holland at that day. The faces are all those of men accustomed to exercise authority and receive obedience. The rendition of these faces is in the highest order of that remarkable power which the artist possessed of representing character. Each is as distinct a personality in the picture as he was in life. In translating these countenances the etcher has, with truly marvelous art, contrived to render them not only true in form to their originals, but vivid in their suggestion of color and in the vivacious spirit which animates them under the painter's brush. The feeling of flesh is very fine, and the manner in which the frank, bold brushwork of the master is given with the point is beyond mere verbal description. The variety and richness of the costumes—velvets, satins, silks, lawn ruffs, lace and jewels—have afforded

the etcher at once a problem and an opportunity in which he has conspicuously conquered the limitations of his medium. The figures, some still seated, others, like the two standard bearers, on their feet with the colors of the Guild furled round their staves on their shoulders, glow with a perfect splendor of sumptuous color against the curtained background. Not the least successful of the minor details is the manner in which the crystalline transparency and character of the goblets in which the Archers drink their last toast are given. The execution of the plate, technically considered, is singularly bold and free, especially when one remembers the necessity the etcher has been under to preserve all that could be preserved of an original ripe in color by the medium of black and white. It is not sufficient to say that no such reproduction of Frans Hals has ever before been made. It is not likely that a translation so close in all the vital traits to the original will again be produced by the etcher's art.

The large size of the plate and its powerful execution adapt it admirably for framing. The edition, limited as it is to 125 impressions, is already, I understand, almost out of the market.

Mr. J. W. Bouton's new catalogue which is now fresh from the press contains upwards of 700 numbers, among which are choice picking for the collector in every department. Even the admirer of old lace may find in it an item worthy of attention, and it is rich in Cruikshankiana, manuscripts, extra-illustrated works and fine bindings.

I am in receipt, from the house of Durand Ruel, of a carton of six lithographs by Odilon Redon, the last of the series of albums which the artist has completed. This series includes as previous issues, in all of which the very limited editions are exhausted, "Dans le Rêve," ten plates; "A Edgar Poë," six plates; "Les Origines," eight plates; "Hommage a Goya," six plates; "La Nuit," six plates; "Le Juré" and "A Gustave Flaubert," seven plates each. The present album bears the title "Songes," and contains six proofs. The edition of "Songes" is limited to 80 copies. These drawings, executed on stone with a crayon, instinct with feeling and with fire, and printed upon china paper in the full force of a rich warm black ink, have in them the quality of original thought and daring expression of the etchings of Goya, combined with a refinement unknown to Goya's fierce and always somewhat brutal art. They possess the mysterious fascination of suggestiveness beyond anything of the kind which we have had for many years, from any other hand, and I can confidently call the attention of our print collectors to them as acquisitions which no true amateur can afford to let go by. In addition to the albums already enumerated, M. Odilon Redon has published in equally limited editions, single lithographs, "Profil de Lumière," "Araignée," "Christ," "Jeune Fille," "Pégase Captif," "Yeux-Clos," "Serpent-Auréole," "Sainte et Chardon" and "Des Esseintes." The last five of these are still in print, and may be had through M. Durand-Ruel.

The announcement of the death of Mr. William H. Post, of this city, last week, will come as a shock to many. Mr. Post had spent the summer in Europe. He returned and was met at the steamer by a friend of many years, a distinguished bibliophile with whom his relations had been those of the closest amity. He had for some ten years suffered from a weakening of the organic functions of the heart which precluded active exercise, and having taken cold during the voyage, seemed poorly when he landed, but in his fine, old-fashioned, jovial way, the way of that breed of gentlemen which is dying out with us only too fast, he mastered himself during his drive uptown. His friend left him in excellent spirits at his hotel. In less than five hours he was dead. Happily he had passed away with so little pain that his fine strong face exhibited an expression of perfect rest when his death became known.

Mr. Post was a member of one of those American families which have a title to be called great. He was, himself, a man of gracious manners, a gentle spirit and, when his shrewd intelligence was touched, of a generous heart. For many years he carried on his shoulders the old Merchants' and Manufacturers' Bank of this city. He must have been possessed of very considerable wealth, for he had always been a keen hand at a bargain in real estate, and had turned many fine pieces of property. Personally he was one of the handsomest men of his years that ever walked Broadway. The prettiest women on the promenade turned their heads to watch him as he passed by. Without ostentation of dress he carried with him an unconscious air of distinction that impressed every-

one who met him. He was a wide-ranged reader, and an admirable story teller, full of original ideas, and only touched by years in his gray hair and beard. As a collector of bric-a-brac, prints and books of rarity he is perhaps best known outside his intimate circle. He was, however, also a collector of rare gems. He owned some of the most magnificent cut jewels I ever saw in private possession. Among them was a purple diamond, the like of which I do not know. He was a childless widower for years before his death, and often spoke to me of a bequest he purposed to make for the public benefit. This may have been provided for by him in the testamentary papers, but I imagine that his collection of jewels, plate, books and prints will be broken up.

What is this story I hear that the European plate matter used by one of our great publishing houses comes through the Custom Houses as old metal? and that the costly foreign illustrations to certain articles which recently appeared in one of our magazines, and which represented certainly thousands of dollars in value, were invoiced at about the cost of the material on which they were produced?

The Second Annual Exhibition of the New York Water Color Club is now open at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries, and is well worth a visit.

Mr. S. H. M. Byers, who years ago became known by his stirring lyric "Sherman's March to the Sea," and who has long been a contributor of original and melodious verse to the magazines, has issued through Charles L. Webster & Co. a collection of his poems under the title "The Happy Isles." If only for "The Ballad of Columbus," which is one of its selections, the book deserves wide acceptance, but there is a great deal more in it—ballads like "The Tramp of Sherman's Army," and "The Nation's Dead" which are not destined to pass away. The volume is gotten up in a fashion worthy of its contents.

This paper is kept on file at the Art Institute, Chicago, Ill.; the American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Mass.; the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.; the Museum of Fine Arts, St. Louis, Mo.; the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Mass.; the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City; the Newberry Library, Chicago, Ill.; the Public Library, Boston, Mass.; the Providence Art Club, Providence, R. I.; the Providence Public Library, Providence, R. I.; the Public Library, Los Angeles, Cal.

ANATOMY FOR ART STUDENTS

MR JONATHAN SCOTT HARTLEY, the sculptor, than whom no man could be better qualified for the task, has issued "Anatomy in Art," a practical text book for the art student in the study of the human form, to which is appended a description and analysis of the art of modelling, and a chapter on the laws of proportion, as applied to the human figure. The purpose of this volume is to present a simple and direct method of studying the external anatomy to the art student who is engaged in the study of the human form, either in action or repose. In carrying out a project which, in the main, is but the embodiment of a series of lectures delivered before the Art Students' League of New York, in its early days, the author has incorporated the illustrations from the celebrated work by Fau, "Anatomy and Artists," and likewise drawings from Schadow's work on "Proportion." To these have been added reproductions from photographs to suitably illustrate the text. This work comprises chapters on The Skeleton—General Principles Governing the Muscular Anatomy—Head, Face and Neck with Combined Expression of the Face and Body—Front and Sides of the Trunk—Back—The Arm—The Thigh and Leg—Muscles of the Deeper Layers—Certain Laws Governing Proportion—The Art of Modelling. It makes a volume of 135 pages, including illustrative plates in royal octavo, cloth bound, at \$3.00, and will be sent postpaid, on receipt of price, by the author, 145 West 55th street, New York City.

Mr. Bernard Quaritch has issued the following circular to subscribers for the Saga Library: "The enthusiasm of the editors, Mr. William Morris and Mr. Eirikr Magnusson, has carried them further than originally intended. Whilst the first volume of the Saga Library comprised 47 and 227 pages, the second volume contains 54 and 410 pages, and thus has cost me about double the expense of the first volume. This extension of the literary matter compels me to raise the price of the Saga Library from 5s. to 7s. 6d. per volume. For vols. 3-6 of the Saga Library: 'Snorri Sturluson's Heimskringla,' a valuable map will be specially constructed, and the first volume of this entirely new translation from the Icelandic, with numerous comparative studies of Swedish, Finnish, and Russian History, will be ready this year. A few copies remain of the large paper issue of the Saga Library, which I offer at £1 11s. 6d. per volume. The subscriber for this large paper issue, which is limited, binds himself to take the future volumes at the same rate."